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WEDNESDAY, MAY 1, 1912.

THE NEW COMMON COUNCIL.

Some Councilmen were elected yesterday who ought to have been defeated, and some were defeated who ought to have been elected, but The Times-Dispatch believes that there is fair reason to hope that the new Common Council will rise to the full measure of its duty and responsibility. A good proportion of the friends of the new plan of government have been returned, although more of its enemies have retained their seats than was desirable. The balance of power in the new lower branch will be held by men whose records do not negative the possibility that they will attain that breadth of vision and that patriotism of purpose so essential to the efficient discharge of their offices. There is no reason why Councilmen cannot rise on the stepping stones of unprogressive records to a loftier and a more patriotic attitude. The Times-Dispatch earnestly trusts that the new Common Council will go down in the annals of the city as patriotic, efficient and progressive—that it will do its full share in making our new form of government an unquestioned success.

RENEWAL OF PEACE PRESSURE.

The fanatical outbreak in Fez, involving a mutiny of native troops, slaughter of aliens, looting and rapin, has caused renewed pressure by the powers to end the Turkish-Italian War. Heretofore the pressure has been almost entirely exerted upon Turkey; now it is being equally exerted upon Italy. The reason for renewal and abandonment of the policy of playing favorites is found in symptoms and signs that the spirit of the Fez uprising threatens to spread; that there are grave indications of the affair becoming the signal for preaching a holy war. France is thus singularly menaced and deeply concerned outside of Morocco, by reason of her Algerian holdings and protectorate over Tunis. The latter is an especial danger spot, since in that country are some 60,000 Italians, who at present are, aside from religious considerations, the objects of intense Mohammedan hatred, due to Italy's seizure of Tripoli. In greater or less measure the same conditions exist in Algiers, and the provocation and incitement to sympathetic attacks upon the Italians in both of these Islamic strongholds are therefore apparent.

That Tripoli is, territorially, completely lost to Turkey does not admit of debate. No one supposes that Constantinople does not recognize and realize that fact. Since Italy has gone to her present limit, she cannot afford to relinquish her grip, nor could the other European Christian nations afford that she do so. Positively or negatively, the powers have endorsed Italy's coup and conceded that soon or late, in the working out of manifest destiny, it had to come. Any change by them of their attitude on the question would, in the eyes of the Mohammedan world, be an exhibition of weakness and irresolution, fraught with possible disastrous consequences as affecting their overlordship of Moslem subjects.

But Turkey would save her face. That she accomplish this is essential to the maintenance of the Young Turk regime; is essential, in truth, in assuring against widespread internal insurrection. The powers, for their part, foresee in a holy war, or even in a series of revolts in Northern Africa, the prospect of immense drain of blood and treasure, a long period of turmoil and demoralization, and the decay of the material fruits of years of pacification and economic development. Turkey's face-saving ultimatum and condition precedent to treating for peace is that Italy withdraw her decree of annexation. The proposition now is that the Italian government comply, agree to negotiate thereafter, to secure a protectorate over Tripoli by compensating Turkey, and also formally recognize the Sultan as the rightful Caliph.

It is proposed, in short, that Italy shall dominate Tripoli and hold it in trust virtually after the manner in which Great Britain dominates and holds in trust Egypt. This spells perpetuity of possession, absolute absorption, in fact, if not in name, and dictation in all the affairs of the people save their religious matters.

It is well known that the only bond of union between the Mohammedans of Tripoli, Tunis, Algiers and Morocco and the Arabs of the back desert, on the one hand, and Turkey, on the other, is the law of the prophet and animosity towards the Christian Interloper. North African, Arabian and Egyptian natives resent the Turkish yoke from the governmental viewpoint, and in default of independence and apart from the obligations of the faith, would as lief live under one oppression as another. Given that, the powers would solve the problem by concession to Turkish pride and sentiment and by securing the in-

fluence of the Caliph in suppressing such uprisings as that in Morocco.

This is the issue on which we are told the powers are calling upon Italy to cast a deciding vote, that is awaited with intense anxiety throughout Europe.

RICHMOND IS GRATEFUL.

When little children are wildly happy they voice their hearts in the wise demand, "Do it again." Like little children who have had a glorious holiday, Richmonders bid the Wednesday Club, "Do it again." They want spring always to be made memorable by concerts like those that have this year made life sweeter for thousands. The city has never had a finer time than for the past two days, and no music festival anywhere, was ever more successful in all that lends brilliance and charm. Everything gracious and friendly conspired to bring pleasure. Most of all was the appeal of youth. The audience, the chorus, the soloists—all were radiant with the glamour of the younger years.

Of course, home folks enjoyed most welcoming a native son who returned with the laurels of a great world virtuoso. His genius, as a pianist and as a composer, has the serious abiding quality of great art. Richmond is proud to have her name joined with that of John Powell. No less a source of pride was the performance of the excellently trained chorus. The soft lilt of the "Barcarolle" and the swing of "Martha" told of love and earnest work. All its members have the deep satisfaction of knowing they have given pleasure of the best kind to their fellow-citizens.

The visitors were famous already, but they never received a sincerer tribute than here. The girlish beauty of Mme. Gluck, and the dramatic fire of Mme. Homer, and Carl Jern and Riccardo Martin will be remembered for years. A constant delight, and the foundation on which the whole dream fabric rested, was the splendid work of the orchestra under Josef Pasternack. It was superb in its very self-effacement.

But the adjectives have run out. A simple duty remains—that of in some way expressing the gratitude and appreciation of Richmond to the members of the Wednesday Club, who, by persistent effort through years, have at last made real such a triumph. The greatest praise is theirs because all was made possible by their hard work.

VIRGINIA'S REVOLUTIONARY ROLLS.

The eighth annual report of the Virginia State Library kindles both dissatisfaction and satisfaction. Dissatisfaction, because of the inexcusable and almost unbelievable negligence of which the General Assembly was guilty in failing to take adequate steps to protect the priceless books and manuscripts of the people of Virginia from fire and destruction. Satisfaction, because of the superb work that Dr. McIlwaine and his assistants are doing despite cramped quarters and limited appropriations, and even more satisfaction because of the scholarly work of Dr. H. J. Eckenrode, chief archivist, in compiling from the historical resources of the library a list of 35,000 Revolutionary soldiers of Virginia.

Almost three years of the most careful and exacting labor have been devoted to this work by Dr. Eckenrode, who has welded out of a mass of confusing data a list which will not only be of the greatest aid to historians and genealogists, but also of lasting value to the people of the Old Dominion, who have in this excellent beginning the assurance that some day they will possess an almost complete roll of those Virginians who fought under the patriot's flag for the freedom and the independence of the American people. A historical achievement of this sort grows in value as the years go by, increasing that just pride in patriot ancestry which is one of the finest assets of the Old Dominion. The list clears away much of historical doubt as to the number of Virginia troops in the Revolution, and makes it certain that the number from Virginia was in excess of the number with which the State has sometimes been credited. It was a vast labor of patient research, that of Dr. Eckenrode's, but cloistered with his manuscripts and his books, he has rendered the State far better and far more enduring service than the whole crew of official subordinates who have been "taken care of" by the General Assembly or by department heads. None but a scholar could have wrought so well.

Why does the War Department refuse to let the State of Virginia copy the rolls of Virginia soldiers in possession of the department? Such is the case. In their reports, both Dr. McIlwaine and Eckenrode declare that permission could not be secured to copy these rolls. Many Virginia soldiers are on the rolls of the War Department whose names cannot be found elsewhere, and their omission from the library list is a "serious deficiency." What possible objection could there be to the inspection of those records by such men as Dr. McIlwaine and his assistants, who are experienced and careful users of records? Is this some more of that red tape poppycock of that old martinet, Doctor-General Ainsworth, or is it merely the work of some less notorious, but equally as narrow-minded imitator? What does the War Department mean by withholding from the people of Virginia the names of their own patriot soldiers? Our Senators and Representatives ought to get in behind Secretary Stimson, and ask the reason why. The War Department has been unpopular a long time, but if it will put some of its

red tape in two, it will be much better off.

IT IS UP TO YOU.

Do you favor the election of the Administrative Board by the city employees?

Are you controlled by the cuttlefish politicians?

Do you believe that five incompetent men should manage the city's business, amounting to more than \$3,000,000 per year?

Do you think the running of Richmond is none of your business?

Do you believe in inefficient government by inefficient men?

Do you think that five demagogues are qualified to administer the affairs of Richmond?

Do you support city government of ringsters, by ringsters and for ringsters?

Do you think that a \$5,000 public job ought to be held by a man who cannot make \$50 a month in private business?

Do you think that fakery who fool the people and represent corrupt politics should have the five best positions in the city service?

No, of course, you don't. But what difference does it make if you just think so and don't do anything to prevent a rotten government by rotten men?

It isn't what you think that counts. It's what you do. Good intentions can't elect anybody—good actions can.

If you want to recapture Richmond from the strangling grip of ward heelers, malodorous politicians and fakery, vote. You can't vote for the Administrative Board unless you pay your poll tax before Saturday.

Do it to-day.

Don't put it off. Do it now.

This means you.

COMME IL FAUT IN KANSAS.

Hereafter no young Kansas swain need lack the high polish of the society world. The Kansas State Agricultural College intends to teach manners as well as how to select seed corn. As a result of a successful experiment last spring, there will be established a permanent course of instruction in table accomplishments and etiquette. The table accomplishments of healthy harvest hands from this region have often inspired awe and admiration in the efforts East, both as regards the total avoidance of food consumed per meal, and the display of technique in the handling of edged tools. But no longer will the bluntness of "sawed shavers" be hurled upon the sun-kissed heads of a stalwart yeomanry. The youth of the State is to be taught how to carve various kinds of meat and game, and how to serve them with finesse and distinction. This instruction is intended to be supplementary to the courses of cooking and serving already established for women.

That this training is to be limited to men offers a shrewd comment on American society. In some mysterious way the women of the country seem to be born with an intuitive sense of social propriety that their husbands must have thrust upon them. The reason perhaps lies in the fact that our men have been too busy in a long and arduous struggle with nature to feel the need, or to own the leisure for learning that manners in themselves may add to the pleasure and beauty of living. Hewing at the cold facts of existence left them scant time for polishing the product beyond the point of half-fellow sincerity and frankness. Now that the land has been subdued, the desire for refinement and delicacy in social intercourse buds along with increased wealth and leisure.

There is a praiseworthy and often of the country to incorporate in their pathetic eagerness in the new parts daily lives, all the best of tradition and elegance that the older communities have to offer. They are proud of their own achievements, yet not blind to the gentler and sweeter aspects of home-life and friends. They want to surround their material comforts with the softening influences of beauty and refinement. The example of this openness and adaptability is not without its lesson for other regions, complacently self-satisfied in the vanity of their spent traditions. The spread of art, of music, of landscape gardening, and of fine architecture in the newer States indicates a healthy spiritual outlook. We doubt whether finer instinctive good breeding is to be found anywhere in the world in fuller flower than in the American farmer. Yet something may be added to instinct from the codes of those who have for centuries studied the amelioration of social friction and awkwardness. And at bottom all good manners are founded on unselfishness, faith, and consideration for others. That the Kansas boys be taught to act as gracious hosts will in no wise weaken their natural virtues of manliness and honesty.

The only thing about Roosevelt that is not false is his teeth.

No first-class row can now be carried on without the aid of old Dr. Wiley.

Now that Harry Thaw is out of jail for awhile, he would make a very effective Roosevelt campaign speaker.

The figures show that 45,000,000 gallons of whiskey were manufactured in this country last year, but it must be left to the brass rail statisticians at the club to determine how many sprigs of mint were plucked.

It's no longer a question of whether the Colonel shall have another cup of coffee. It's whether he shall have the whole pot.

On the Spur of the Moment

By Roy K. Moulton

Good Man Gone

So Uncle Hank is gone! Dey tell! He has been all'n' quite a spell. And folks 'round here will wish him well.

Wherever he may go. He never let his temper spile. But were a satisfy'n' smile. Around this burg for quite awhile. 'Bout forty years or so.

He somehow alius aimed to please; The kids all sat upon his knees. And every dorgone one of these. Would swear by Uncle Hank. He settled all their little ills. And when they look pale 'round the kills. He'd recommend the yabs and pills. That cured 'em in a yank.

He took care of the grown-ups, too. In spite of all that they could do. There wa'n't a soul that could stay blue.

When folks would hear the well-known clik.

Upon the walk of his old stick. Grim trouble would vamoose right quick.

It wa'n't no place for gloom.

Of course, he never made no pile in cotton, wheat or steel or tie. And didn't go in much for style. Or sold no bed parlor talk. But folks hung out the "Welcome" sign.

And schemed to make him stay and dine.

The sun most always seemed to shine. When he came up the walk.

He never won no great renown. And wa'n't knowed outside of town; Historians won't set him down. For future folks to read. But folks here is of one accord. That he's no stranger to the Lord. And sure and certain his reward. Will be complete, indeed.

According to Uncle Abner.

Seems to me the bachelors ought all to be advocates of the single tax. Elmer Jones says there is one thing that he likes about Miss Amy Stubbs, the village milliner, and that is his arm. Elmer has been reading an almanac somewhere.

There isn't any use in a feller runnin' a half-mile down the road lookin' for trouble. If he sits perfectly still, it will come to him when it gets ready, and it ain't goin' to pass by without notice," him, either.

Outside a new red flannel shirt, about the most uncomfortable thing in this world to wear is a set of teeth that don't fit.

The days of the stem-winding automobile are numbered. A feller won't have to get out any more to crank up, but there will be something else to fuss about, so it won't make much difference.

One of the delightful sights is a feller wearin' a silk hat and a yaller rubber raincoat to the theater.

I hear a feller might just as well buy a taxicab as to rent one for two or three hours.

It is sometimes hard to tell whether the progressives are progressin' forward or backward.

A lot of men get the reputation of bein' highbrows simply beku'z they haven't got much hair.

Amy Hicks ain't took a drink for five years, but he has got a worse reputation for drinkin' now than he had before he quit. His friends all say, "No, Amy don't touch a drop now, but you order see him when he did. He was the village drunkard."

There are two things that a feller seldom has when he needs 'em bad. One thing is a color button, and the other is money.

And So It Goes.

Age 1—Willie Jones. (Ain't he just too cute?)

Age 10—Willie Jones. (It's a wonder his parents wouldn't do something with that mean little brat.)

Age 15—Billy Jones. (Schoolboy.)

Age 20—W. Frothingham Jones. (High school graduate.)

Age 25—Jones. (Star halfback on college team.)

Age 30—Mr. William Frothingham Jones. (His wife has bought him some visiting cards.)

Age 35—William F. Jones. (Now he's a railroad clerk.)

Age 40—W. F. Jones. (President of the road.)

Age 45—W. Jones. (Millionaire.)

Age 50—Big Bill Jones. (Senator.)

Age 70—Old Man Jones. (Town sage and weather prophet.)

At Our Boarding House.

The Dyspeptic Boarder who was always on edge, behind the light-house on his board bill, cleared his throat and said, "I would like to remark—"

"I know you would," snapped the landlady. "You would always like to remark something. It's the best thing you do. But I want to give you fair warning that I don't have to take any back talk from anybody. My family has money. I don't have to run a boardin' house, you know."

"My dear madam," interrupted the Dyspeptic Boarder, "I was only about to remark about this roast beef—"

"Oh, sure," broke in landlady, "now you are going to roast the victuals. Well, all I have to say is that I am an honest woman and I have to pay my bills on time. I can't stand 'em off a week or two at a clip like some boarders that I know of. Of course, I am not naming no names, but there are parties who would make more of a hit if they were as partickler about payin'."

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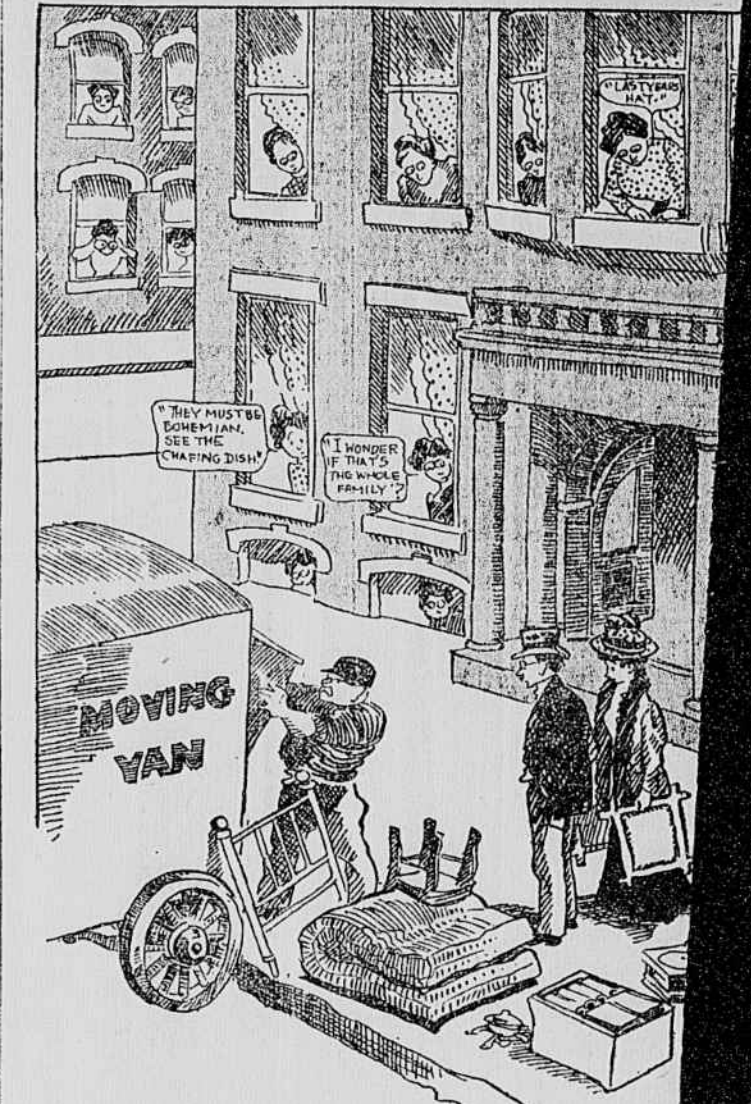
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What's become of the feller that used to dress up on Sunday instead of every day? Some feller'll dare up at the drop of a hat an' say, "I'll consult my attorney at once," an' by th' time they kin think of some good, cheap lawyer they've cooled off.

THE NEW NEIGHBOR

By John T. McCutcheon

(Copyright, 1912, By John T. McCutcheon.)



ing their board as they are about their food—

"But, my dear madam—"

"Don't 'dear madam' me. You all think you can impose upon me because I am a woman. It's all that can be expected of a passel of shiftless men who wouldn't be hangin' 'round a \$1 boarding house anyhow, if they amounted to anything. Don't talk to me. If there is anybody here who doesn't like his meals he can pay up and get out."

"I was only about to remark," said the Dyspeptic Boarder, "that this roast beef is the finest I have had in several years—"

"Well," snapped the landlady, "why in tarnation didn't you say so in the first place?"

Voice of the People

The Beloved Dead. Watchman! oh, watchman! on the bleak hills of Time, Give us tidings of those in the bright spirit land— Canst thou not hear a call from that golden clime? Dost thou see not one face of the shadowy band?

Forever have vanished the radiant smiles Of lips we kissed fondly before they were chilled. And bitter remembrance with anguish revolves Our dreaming about them since in death they were stilled.

Watchman! oh, watchman! shall there be many years, With their sighing and weeping and sorrow and grief, Ere sight comes again to eyes blinded with tears And our infinite longings are lost in relief?

Turn, turn once again, Heaven's zephyrs must bring The tones of those voices we once loved and adored. Watchman! oh, watchman! dost thou not hear them sing The glad songs of the blest in the courts of the Lord?

Traveler! Traveler! sometimes to my ear Come strains and soft echoes from that dim, distant shore. When the evening star rises I then seem to hear The dear, ringing voices that on earth speak no more.

And, at times, when the gates and portals swing wide To welcome some spirit just translated from earth, A vision of glory surges through—as the tide Shows the depth of the waters that gave it its birth.

Soon the hand of Jehovah will draw back the veil And dispense the dark mists that seem now to control. With voices triumphant will the glorified hail Our vision eternal in the home of the soul.

Then, traveler! traveler! hush thy weeping and sighing; Lean you on the Father; still trust in thy God! He answers your questions, divinely replying, "My grace is sufficient—pass under the rod."

JOHN A. PHILLIPS, Washington, D. C.

A Primary Problem. To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch: Sir,—Any party primary will fail of its intent that permits the introduction of the floating vote, which is neither the one thing nor yet the other thing—Republican, Independent or Democrat—who do or will lend themselves for a consideration or without it, or who consent to waive their political integrity to help out a friend or defeat a political or personal foe. A primary drawn on strict party lines, with its utmost endeavors, will fail to exclude these factors, which contribute to defeat the will of the party as well as the people, who by their inaction consent to the party's rule.

A primary in theory is one thing; a primary in fact, as heretofore demonstrated, differs with theory as the day does with the night.

The present discussion of this subject in the city of Richmond is of far-reaching importance to the State at large, and it is to be hoped it will be fought out on lines leading to its equitable solution.

Behind it all lies the moral sense or obliquity of vision, by which the water refuses support to the winning aspirant, voting rather for his political

opponent, because his own candidate was defeated. With many the application of their obligation in this respect is utterly wanting, and in many cases publicly denied—fostered as it is, and encouraged by the solicitation of the candidate, who usually knows in advance of solicitation, yet may sometimes be ignorant of the real character of the voter, that these kind of people have no right to vote for him in a party contest.

A nonpartisan scheme of distribution, attributing to each voter the designation of independent, of Republican and of Democrat, taking part in the primary, honestly recorded, the nomination being given preferentially to each party's candidate receiving the highest vote, might have the effect of bringing on a contest between the opposing political parties at the regular election, which might not otherwise happen, but it would at least assure genuine dominance of that party polling the highest number of votes, which is now given over to the shifting and irregular floating vote, or rather, as I have said, to a minority supported by this element.

Politicians have debauched the primary to their use. In theory it is all right, in fact, unless restrained by adequate penalties for its violation, it is vicious.

E. F. S. Bentonville.

Humiliating. Long years we've been boasting about our high type Of civilization, that turns out such Examples of manhood and leaders in state Like Bill Taft, the wise man, and Roosevelt, the Great.

I guess we'll cut out some hot air for a while, And hang down our heads, as some foreigners smile, And turn up their nostrils at our vaunted pride, Of dignified manhood over on this side.

The fact is we're driven to own up the corn. The spectacle holds up our nation to scorn. Two men whom we've trusted to guide us aright Have doffed their old chapeaus and stripped for a fight.

The sad side of all of this terrible war is, we thought them loyal, Bill Taft and T. R., And loving as brothers, and near as us twain That came from old Stam, far over the main.

O, well, it's but nature of the human kind; Men may still be great men while differin' in mind. And methods, too, often; but somehow we can't Look on from the ringside unmoved at this rant.

This calling each names, such as liar and all The beautiful epithets used in a brawl Those white teeth all gashing a devilish plight On judicial William from morn until night.

Let's hope that the fighting will be over soon; I think safe to say 'bout the last of June, When one has been chosen next fir years to be The guide and protector of the G. O. P.

D. H. KENNEDY Philadelphia.

Le Dernier Cri. Proud in her strength and swift her pride, Riding the sea as a tyrant might be, Asking no help from the God of the tide— Le dernier cri.

Unthinkable, impious little, many-eyed, Ultimate dream of a century's drive, Made by the wealth for which they strive— Le dernier cri.

Cold in its whiteness and slow bits pride, Riding the sea as a monarch might ride, Drawing his strength from the blood of the tide, The Lord of the Sea.

Awful the crash when the ship's bottom rends; Pitiful wail, "Save our souls, a ve friends!" Back from the ice wall the sterncho sends, Le dernier cri.

Le dernier cri.

Le dernier cri.

Le dernier cri.

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